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Housekeepers' Chat Fri., March 30, 1928

(NOT FOR PUBLICATION)

Subject: "When Junior Entertains." Approved by Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture. Menu and recipes from Bureau of Home Economics. (Please note that the clam chowder recipe is a new one, an improvement over the one in the Radio Cookbook.)

---ooOoo---

I have found her at last -- an ideal modern mother. She lives out southwest, in a white frame house, with green shutters. She has four children, two girls and two boys. Junior, the seven-year-old, is my special favorite.

Do you remember the day it rained so hard? That was the day Junior entertained the members of his "gang" in the attic, while his mother and I sewed. It was this way. I was visiting Junior's mother, whose name is Elizabeth Jane. Early in the afternoon, when Elizabeth Jane and I were getting comfortably settled for a chat, it suddenly began to rain. Almost as suddenly, the kitchen door burst open, and in rushed six small boys. Six, mind you, and Elizabeth Jane's kitchen is only a medium-sized kitchen.

"Mother!" announced Junior, breathlessly, "It's raining! And we haven't finished our game! Can we play in the house?"

"Sure!" said Junior's mother, enthusiastically. "What's better than a nice big attic, on a rainy day like this? Take your friends upstairs, Billy, and finish your game."

I marveled at the calmness of Junior's mother. Six noisy boys, twelve muddy shoes. As the boys left the kitchen, I heard one of them whisper bashfully to Junior: "Does your mother mean we can all stay?"

"Of course!" answered Junior. "She never cares how many kids play over here at our house!"

"Gosh!" said the bashful little boy, "My mother would have sixteen fits if I brought a gang like this in her kitchen!"

For the next twenty minutes or so the house was filled with queer rumblings, and weird thumpings.

"Don't look so worried, Aunt Sammy," said Elizabeth Jane. "They can't hurt anything. There's a big bare space, in the attic, made especially for rainy-day games. The boys can play just as well in the attic as in the yard."

Before long the noise ceased, and for at least 10 minutes all was quiet. Then Junior himself clattered down the stairs. He was wearing a false mustache, a straw hat, a red tie, and an old coat of his father's.

"Ladeez and gentlemen!" announced Junior cheerfully, "I mean Mother and Aunt Sammy! If we had some pink lemonade, we could have a circus. Can we, Mother?"

"I think so," said Elizabeth Jane. "We'll make the lemonade, and bring it up."

"Gee! Thanks!" called Junior, half way up the stairs.

Elizabeth Jane stopped her mending, and made pink lemonade, using strawberry juice for coloring. Then she hunted around in the cupboard till she found some animal cookies.

"Come on, Aunt Sammy," said Elizabeth Jane, "let's take our mending and go to the circus. We can darn socks in the attic as well as in the kitchen, and be entertained while we're doing it."

We found two comfortable old rockers by the west windows in the attic, and for an hour or so we darned stockings, and patched the knees of Junior's trousers while the boys played circus. I wish you could have seen Elizabeth Jane. She was as interested and sympathetic as she could be, but never once did she try to "boss" the game, or tell the boys what to do next. "If I supervised the game, I'd 'cramp their style,'" she explained. "I want them to be natural, and have a good time."

Along about five o'clock came the first telephone call. Willie's mother wanted her Willie to come home for supper. Then Robert's mother called, and Tommy's mother called, and Theodore's father came after him. The bashful little boy, whose name is Arthur, started home with the other boys. I saw him fall behind them, and hesitate for a minute. Then he turned round and raced back as fast as he could run. He was breathless when he knocked at the door.

"I came back to tell you," he said to Elizabeth Jane, "that I had a <u>very</u> nice time at Junior's party!"

While Elizabeth Jane was inviting him to come again, I tucked a couple of animal cookies into his pocket, and buttoned his coat collar.

"The party's over," said Elizabeth Jane, "Did you enjoy it, Aunt Sammy?"

I told my hostess that I had enjoyed every minute of it, and I also told her that she is a marvelous mother. But Elizabeth Jane couldn't see that she had done anything at all unusual.

"It's all in the day's work," she said. "Show me how to make Clam Chowder, Aunt Sammy. Clam chowder will taste good on a rainy night. I have some rolls left over from lunch. They'll be fine with the chowder, split and toasted. There's lettuce for salad. What would you suggest for dessert, Aunt Sammy?"

"Something new, and delicious," I said. "Pineapple Meringue Pie, and let me make it."

Our menu, by the time we got it together, was this: Clam Chowder; Rolls, Split and Toasted; Lettuce Salad with Russian Dressing; and Pineapple Meringue Pie.

For the Clam Chowder, we used a new recipe, which was tested recently by the Bureau of Home Economics.

Eight ingredients, for Clam Chowder:

1 quart shucked clams, or about 2 dozen clams
1 cup diced potato
1 medium-sized onion, cut in small pieces
1/3 cup diced salt pork
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 pint milk
2 tablespoons flour, and a
Few drops tabasco

To repeat the eight ingredients for clam chowder: (Repeat).

Drain the clams from the liquor, and chop or grind them fine. Strain the liquor through cheesecloth, or through a very fine wire strainer, to remove any small pieces of shell. Crisp the finely diced salt prok, and remove it from the fat. Cook the onion in the fat, until yellow, add the flour, and stir until well blended. Then add the clam liquor, and the potatoes. Place this mixture in the upper part of a double boiler, and allow it to cook until the potatoes are almost done. Then add the milk and the chopped clams. Cook for a few minutes, add the salt and the tabasco. Sprinkle finely chopped parsley over the top, and serve with crackers.

We served Russian dressing with the lettuce salad. Russian dressing is simply mayonnaise, with catsup or chili sauce, and chopped olives, or pickles, or celery added to it.

Now you may write the recipe for Pineapple Meringue Pie, which is <u>not</u> in the Radio Cookbook.

Eight ingredients, for Pineapple Meringue Pie:

1-1/2 cups crushed, drained, canned pineapple
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter

The eight ingredients for Pineapple Meringue Pie are: (Repeat).

Mix the cornstarch, sugar, and salt, and add to one-half cup of the pineapple juice, which has been heated in a double boiler. Stir until the mixture thickens, and add it to the remaining juice and the well-beaten yolks of the eggs. Cook for 1 minute, add the butter and the drained pineapple. Pour this filling into a prebaked pie crust. Make a meringue of the well-beaten whites of the eggs and 3 tablespoons of sugar, and pile lightly over the filling. Bake in a very moderate oven until the meringue becomes golden brown.

To repeat the menu: Clam Chowder; Rolls, Split and Toasted; Lettuce Salad with Russian Dressing; and Pineapple Meringue Pie.

I hope you will like this dinner as well as Elizabeth Jane's family did. The clam chowder was hot and appetizing; the salad was crisp and fresh; and the Pineapple Pie was delightful. As the Society Reporter might say it, "a pleasant time was had by all."